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# The Lehigh Burn

925







**T**HOUSANDS of smokers have proved it—and now give the verdict to you—

Of all the other tobaccos **NATURE** has produced—none can approach the finest varieties of pure Turkish for cigarettes.

None has the delicious **FLAVOR** of the finest Turkish—

None gives the **ENJOYMENT** of the finest Turkish—

None will **SATISFY** you as will the finest Turkish—

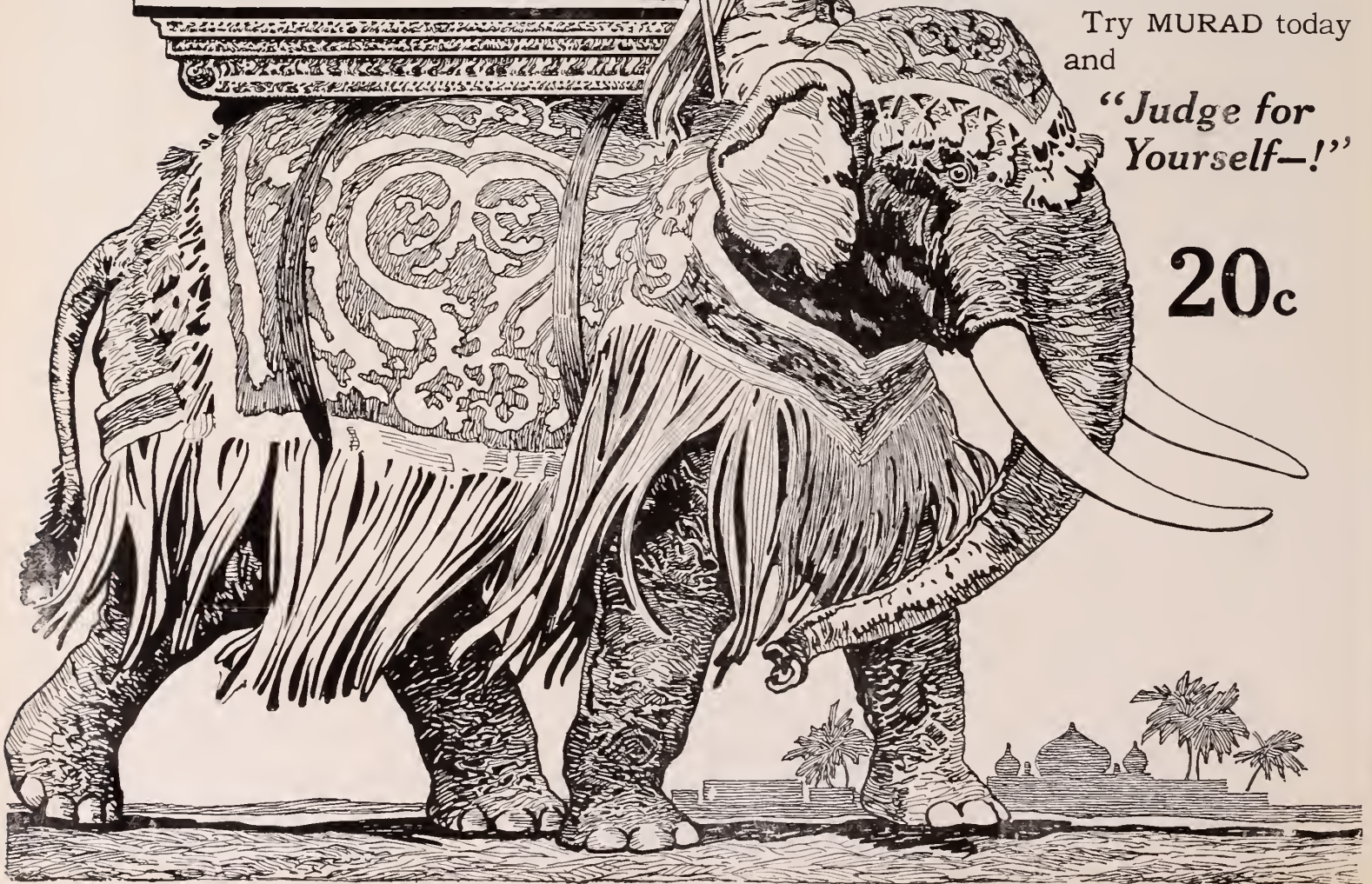
None but the highest grade and personally selected Turkish tobaccos is used in **MURAD**.

To enjoy 100% pure Turkish at its **VERY BEST**—to reach the **PEAK** of Cigarette Quality—you have but to smoke **MURAD**—

Try **MURAD** today and

*“Judge for Yourself—!”*

**20c**







Awarded First Place  
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Bachman's Pharmacy, Five Points  
E. C. Fleischman, 38 West Broad St.  
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**SNYDER'S**

Bethlehem's  
Standard DRUG Store  
FOURTH AND NEW

**At Lehigh's Door**

Complete, Convenient, Drug Service

**Monkey Glands**

If you're feeling pretty rotten and you don't care what you do—

Monkey Glands

If you haven't any grumpton and you're feeling rather blue—

Monkey Glands

If you've lost your old desire for the women and the wine

And your thoughts of entertainment run to parties through at nine,

And you'd rather eat a bachelor meal than help a chicken dine

MONKEY GLANDS.

—Froth.

"I have a fine job now. I'm working in a shirt factory."

"Then how does it happen that you're not working to-day?"

"Oh, we're making night shirts now."

—Tiger.

She: "How was the first swimming practice?"

He: "Fine, a lot of good men were uncovered."—Lord Jeff.

**READ****The Globe.****Northampton County's****Leading Evening Daily****THE COLONIAL  
CANDY CO.**

Catering Especially to Le-  
high Men

The only up-to-date Store in town.

Five Points, South Side, Bethlehem, Pa.

"Satisfactory Service Since 1878"

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**LEHIGH MEN:**

We offer a policy at a reasonable rate to cover your personal property while in lodgings, while traveling or while your clothing is at the tailor or laundry. Also covers golf clubs, tennis rackets and musical instruments.

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shades of satin.

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JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, Philadelphia

5 POINTS

**Electric Shoe Repairing Shop**

*Shoes Mended While You Wait  
Shoes Called For*

446 Wyandotte St. Phone 2579-J

Parson: "My good man, is there anything you would like to say to me?"

Parishioner (just placed in jail for drinking): "I would (hic) like to ask you one question (hic). Did Paul ever get an answer to that letter he wrote the Ephesians?"—*Mugwamp.*

**HAFNER & AMMAN**

DEALERS IN

CHOICE MEATS

452 WYANDOTTE STREET

**Love All**

Mary was a tennis hound.  
She walloped us with ease.  
Our mind forsook the game because  
Her dainty dimpled . . . elbows  
Kept peeping out a bit below  
Her prettiest silk . . . shirtwaist.  
—*Widow.*

**He Had the Best of Intention**

As I stepped up to the lonesome lady  
in the hotel lobby, I inquired, "Are you  
looking for a particular person?"

"I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are."  
—*Friol.*

There was a young lady named Maude,  
Her form, it was shapely, but broad.

Her skirt to the eye  
Was dizzily high,  
But when she sat down,—Oh my Gawd!  
—*Showme.*

Many fraternities have Victrolas—but  
most of them haven't good records.  
—*Froth.*

**Elmer J. Gangewere**

Pocket Billiard Room  
and Barber Shop

CIGARETTES and TOBACCO

429 Wyandotte St. :- BETHLEHEM, PA.  
*Entrance on Broadway*

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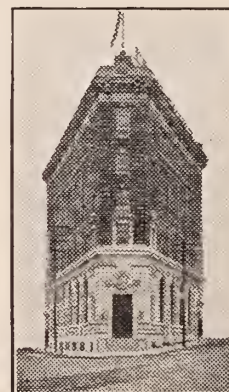
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## Getting Out the Issue



*They call it Dancing*





### WHY DID HE METER?

The orchestra softly played  
 "The Last Waltz."  
 She gazed into his eyes  
 And softly sighed.  
 "Your dancing  
 Is like a poem,"  
 She said.  
 "Yes, yes, go on,"  
 He murmured.  
 Then she replied,  
 "A free verse poem,  
 The feet  
 Are all mixed up."

### ONE QUALIFICATION

He: "Will you come to the house-party  
 with me?"

She: "I'd love to."

He: "Well, we'll probably dance quite a lot."

Burro would like to know if any fraternity  
 has plans for as successful a house-party as  
 the house that received a silver loving cup as  
 a remembrance of Junior Week from their  
 last year's guests.

They may call the Intercollegiate a Wrestling  
 Meet because there's so much at stake.

### 'TIS HARD TO PART

The time has come when we must part,  
 The tears they dim my eye;  
 I've often clasped you to my heart  
 With joy in days gone by.

And often in the happy past  
 My form you have embraced;  
 But another takes your place at last  
 And clasps me 'round the waist.

Oh, such is life—we meet and part,  
 In such a world we dwell;  
 I clasp another to my heart—  
 Old corset—fare thee well.

"Why did they nickname him 'Happiness'?"  
 He doesn't look like it."

"Because he's a blue bird."

### WHERE FROM?

"How did you come out last night?"  
 "Through the window."

It's easy to smile  
 When your dates are alone,  
 And there's not a bothering sound;  
 But the man worth-while  
 Is the man who can smile  
 When the family hangs around.

## WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN

"Ruth, would you if I asked you?"  
 "What?"  
 "Kiss me—."  
 "Not now, George."  
 "Aw—come on, just one."  
 "No George, not now."  
 "Be a sport, one is all I want."  
 "Not now, George."  
 "Well, I guess it's up to me to take it."

!! ECSTASY !!

(lapse of time)

"Don't you think, Ruth, we ought to quit before anyone sees us?"

"Not now, George."



"What do you do for Gym?"  
 "You are getting too personal."

Prof.: "What is the tallest race in the world?"  
 Bus. Man: "The Poles, Sir."

## WICKED PARIS

Chorus girls in a Paris show are wearing dresses made of a few feathers. The fact that 10,000 Americans are wintering in Paris proves that we are a nation of sight-seers.

*As they show, so shall we see.*

## THE GENTS

*(With apologies to Kipling.)*

This creature, the male of the species,  
 Thinks life was just made for his fun,  
 To pick up and jolly the ladies,  
 And cast 'em aside when he's done.  
 He'll make love to chicken and widow,  
 Or someone else's wife, if he can.  
 He'll bust up a home, just like blowing off foam,  
 But—what can you expect from a man?

He may be no hand with the ladies,  
 But he sure likes to think that he is;  
 A-testing and trying and coaxing,  
 For a *man* — "what a hell of a biz"?  
 It's all right to kid with the white ones,  
 But this I just can't understand —  
 How they can fool around with the yellow and  
 But, isn't that just like a man? [brown,

Some time she's a young un at Oogli,  
 Or Hyde Park, or Wappinger's Falls,—  
 But to say that she made a male critter,  
 Now that statement rather appalls;  
 She might be as clever as Hades,  
 'Mongst the brightest and roughest might stan',  
 But why should he blame the poor woman,  
 Though—isn't that just like a man?

They don't ship the men all to Burma,  
 Tho' most of the bunch ought to be;  
 But they still find a wild gazabo  
 Somewhere on this side of the sea!  
 And they always fall back on Eve's story,  
 And the guy — didn't care-a-dam,  
 So e'er since he bit, the ladies all git  
 The blame for the downfall of man.

The men for their partners choose straight ones,  
 No matter how crooked they've been;  
 They tell such sweet lies to the young ones,  
 They believe 'em and love 'em like sin.  
 God first made and formed them male creatures,  
 One rib and some mud in a can,  
 Then the masterpiece woman created,  
 To be honored and loved by — just man!

A. M. M.



## GOLF BELOW

A golf fanatic died and went to Heaven, "Where is your golf course?" was the first question he asked Saint Peter.

"We have no golf course up here," was the reply, "but I've heard there is a splendid one down in hell. You might drop down there and look it over."

The fanatic descended. Sure enough, there was the most wonderful links he had ever seen. An attendant imp led him into a club-house so perfectly appointed as to suggest Utopia instead of Inferno. It took but a moment to find some togs which fitted him as if they were made to order. The set of clubs which the imp handed him were those of which he had always dreamed during his earthly life.

The imp conducted him out to the first tee.

"But the balls? We've forgotten the balls," said the golf fanatic.

"Ah-ha! There ain't no balls!" shrieked the imp. "That's the Hell of it."

*Note.—How they revise these old stories.*

High: "At last the women are getting some sense. They have started wearing longer skirts."

Low: "Some one is always taking the joy out of life."



REPLACING THE "SPICY"



Stranger: "Do you miss co-eds at Lehigh?"

Student: "No, the Profs do most of the talking, and there's no limit to the petting material that's floating around town."

## HOIST THE CREPE

Their meeting it was sudden,  
Their parting it was sad,  
She gave her young life quickly,  
'Twas all the life she had.

And down beneath the daisies  
Is where she's resting now,  
For there's always something doing  
When a freight train hits a cow.



# THE LEHIGH BURRO



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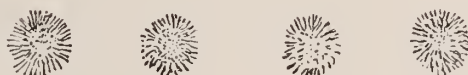
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O bopped haired maidens, accept our welcome. To those who are not ashamed of their age, Burro extends to them his welcome. In fact we would welcome any one, for a kind welcome doeth much good and costeth nothing. When we asked the first girl to attend this party, we were drifting (just drifting) along in a canoe with the stars in their usual place and the water of course was holding up the canoe. Alas, she has long forgotten the invitation, but as long as it brought result we can forgive her. We asked several other girls and each has failed to show up, but you can't accuse the dear sweet things of being absent-minded, for these invitations were given during the dog days, and just those issued during the Ides of March are considered official. Well, you're all here for a good time. Burro could tell you all about it, but he would rather you'd find out for yourself, so you may say, "I came, I saw, and they conquered." On the strength of that choice bit of Latin, let us assure you that for four days we are glad that Lehigh is to be coed.

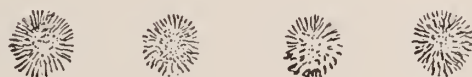


THE office has been cleaned, new finger prints may be found on the paste pot, the scissors have a strange clip as they tear through the galley proof, and a new set of mortals sleep in the editors' chairs. Before the new editors are introduced, we would like to say a parting word. We have done our best and hope that our efforts have been appreciated and that our readers and advertisers will continue to have the same pleasant relations with the new Board as we have enjoyed. Now for a written view of the newly crowned.

Mr. John F. Conlin, '23, will act as head keeper with Mr. Charles H. Israel as his chief assistant. Mr. B. A. C. Johnston will drill the daubers and choose the pleasing color schemes for which Burro is noted. Richard M. Graff will guard the royal coffers and hoard the sheckels collected by the advertising manager, F. H. Leister. Fritz Mitman will act as our ambassador to the U. S. Government and will make sure you get your copies. The old Board feel that they have left the paper in good hands and can assure our friends a bigger better BURR for next year.



BURRO would like to take the athlete problem out for an airing, but it's too large and weighty to be effectively covered in these pages. At a recent banquet, it was our privilege to hear "Bosey" voice his opinion on the subject and you can put our name on his party roll. If you wish to learn what his platform is, just ask him and we believe that you will come away satisfied that his policy is correct as far as this world goes. He has a sane realistic view of the matter, let the others keep their idealistic views for the athletics in the Hereafter. If a college really needs a radical change in its athletic policies, let them go ahead and correct their faults, but we believe that our system ranks with the best as far as cleanliness goes, so just smooth out the little wrinkles and not try to win a "newspaper halo" as some seem to have done.



WE'VE ruined the career of another young man by taking him on the Board. His name is Arthur S. Stover, of the Class of '25. He gained recognition by his art work.

## A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON

mi deer son:

i have bot a ford. Driving komes natyoural tew me i gess. I tuk yur Muther out last tews, and if their wasnt a flock of pigs we wood of got along grate, but it looks az the i got tew shell out fer three new pigs and a frunt acksel and weel. thats a nise thing abowt a ford, tho, becawse i kan git the hole Shee-bang fer a \$1 and a ¼, but a good pig mounts up tew sume-thing nowadaze. the trubble is, wen yur muther heers we r going on a litle trip she gets perpaired to go tew yella Stone park or calefournya and haz the kar looking like won of them travling restrunts, so that evrybuddy laffs at us going thru the sitys. Yur Grannpap's got in the habut of chewing terbacker in the back seet and then spitting all over the back hindmost mud Gard. Thank gawd he's only a relashun by marrije. if yur grannpap on Mi side was stil alive he'd be taking kare of the farm with me Instead of hogging evrything at the tabl and out-Snoring emy-thing in the nayberhood. yur muther klaims he haz roomatizum but the only time he shows it iz wen He goze tew git hiz penshun. wen its time tew fead the Stock hiz ize r goin back on him, but wen the male man komes, he grabs the paper and nevver missus a thing. betty, the spotted hefer, ate the ford top frum the back tew the frunt seet, inklooding the Izenglas. We found three eggs on the frunt seet yistiddy. we havnt run out of gas yet, but yur grannpap, yousing his saim old intelajense, was holding a mach over the tank tew see how mutch gas we had and let it fall in the tank. we all ran over behind a fense eckspecting tew see the ford hanging in a trea, but yur Grannpap stood their trying to fish the mach out. i thot it was down rite unfourtoonate that the dammed kar didnt blow up.

you say you think you will hang around Jun-your Weak, on aprul twenty 4th. Is this Junyour Weak having a blow out or sumething? if he is, i want you tew remmember the nite i reterved frum the loje inisheecashun, how yur muther wood git mi left foot in bed and the nether won wood try tew park itself around mi neck. If you ever

feal a kraving for licker, eat an aple. it took a barrl of 'em tew straiten me out. Yur Muther is sending a homemaide meet pie, witch the rats tunled thru and witch we kant youse. She says tew rub your chest with horse linament wen you kouff. hoping tew see you back in the hay feeld in anuther munth,

yur feckshunate fawther,

Bordun Room.



"SAY AGNES WILL YOU GET ME A PAIR OF SUSPENDERS OUT OF THE BUREAU IN THERE?"

Dear Burro:—

The other day I was standing on a corner with a friend, and during the conversation I happened to use the expression, "Oh, what a peach." Then my friend tried to convince me that the accepted form for this is, "Oh, what a pair." Which one is right?

Inquisitive.

Dear "In": Look where you're speaking.  
Burro.

*No groom fits the collar ads.—and no bride the stocking ads.*



# The Weekly Bath

"WOT SOE'ER YE SOWETH, THAT SHALL YE RIP."  
IZLY CHART ~~XXXX~~  
THERE'S MANY A SLIP TWIXT THE HIP  
AND THE LIP"  
ANY BOOTLEGGERS

FOUNDERED ON FACT—A.D. (AFTER DARK) 1493

VOL. XDC ???ID—? NO. 07

PUBLISHED BY THE BOARD OF HEALTH

PRICE ONE KOOF

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Another week has sped past and no one did anything to stop it. How long will mortal continue to let the elements brow-beat them back into the dark ages? When man sprang from monkey he landed heavy, and now we are enjoying the rebound, viz., Last month a bachelor was killed in California and pink silk lingerie accompanied by numerous mush missives was found in his bungalow. Thirty thousand inquisitive mourners and camera adherents attended the funeral. A week ago Deacon Pettingil died a natural death and nothing blasphemous except a corkscrew was found in his home on Maple Avenue. They didn't even have to get extra chairs from the neighbors to accommodate the creditors and mourners. Moreover, no one wanted a handle from the casket as a souvenir. Two months ago a temperance lecturer was in our community, and he talked to himself. Last Tuesday evening Billy Watson's beef busts showed in Huntersville, and nine-tenths of the local tax payers occupied points of vantage. Can you scorch that? Wednesday night Mr. Cruthers, our local moving picture magnate ran a picture called "Near the Pole" and the machine clicked through 4,000 feet of celluloid to an empty house. Thursday Mr. Cruthers advertised the picture as "Siberian Free Love" and he had to put chairs in the aisles to accommodate the community. Friday last, Elder Hapgood fell in front of the drug store and the congregation across the street in the grocery store started to laugh. When it was seen that the elder was quite upset, they rushed across to help the old man up, and as they reached the scene of the accident the fumes of alcohol reached their nostrils. They broke down and cried over the elder's mishap. Therefore we ask, "How much longer, O Cataline?"

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy during our trouble, the sickness of our spotted calf, "Joe". Mr. and Mrs. "Red" Lead.

## "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM"

Given by Local Talent, well attended.

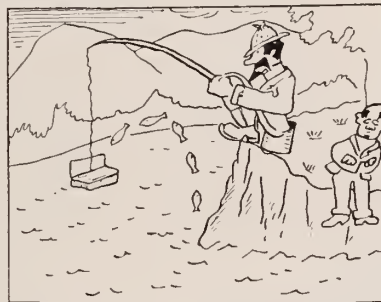
Last Thursday nite, a beautiful curtain, which formerly acted as a portiere in the home of Mrs. Smith, the dressmaker, slowly and majestically rolled up, caught and fell down, disclosing a bar-room scene which looked so natural that several men in the audience wept and gnashed their teeth. Hiram Fast, who took the part of the wayward father, acted so true to form, leaning on the bar, that his wife climbed upon the stage and dragged him outside. It was some time before Mrs. Fast could be persuaded to allow her husband to go on with the act. Little Valva Cylinder, who took the part of the drunkard's little daughter, brought down the house when she uttered the heart-rending words, "Oh father, dear father, come home with me now, the Big Ben on the roof of the Gen'l Store strikes ten-thirty!" Next month, the Local Club will endeavor to stage "Uncle Tom's Cabin". There will be a call, in the near future, for three well-trained house dogs, to be used as blood hounds, and several flat-chested men to act as cakes of ice in the river scene.

## NOTICE!

We refuse to print the usual weather predictions until the culprit who stole the office almanac returns the same.

GET THAT NEW SONG HIT, WRITTEN BY MINNIE FISH, A HOME TOWN GIRL, "I'LL BE WAITING UNDER A PIECE OF SOLID GRANITE FOR YOU." An immortal song about a young girl who is still waiting there.

FOR SALE—House, two rooms and stable, one set of harness, no horse, one duck trained to house, lukewarm water, hen roost attached to kitchen, one fruit tree, nature of fruit unknown. Call Ol Cedar.



## EDUCATIONAL LECTURE BY DR. B. QUIET HOLDS VAST CROWD SPELL-BOUND.

Dr. B. Quiet, famous author, pugilist, poet, street car conductor and lecturer, late of the Greek Food Palace, delivered a very interesting lecture on "The Catching and Canning of the Deadly Sardine", at Heavy Hall, last Thursday nite. Dr. Quiet said in part: "At eventide, our party, which consisted of three escaped convicts, a saloon-keeper, four war profiteers, an Indian guide, and myself, reached the mouth of the Lake of Hamburger, and, fearing to journey farther in the dark because of the wild weak-fish which preyed on anything they could get their hands on, we camped for the nite. Early the next morning—about ten-thirty—we set out a-foot for the swirling rapids of the Bottomless Bucket River whose whirlpools we reached in the late afternoon.

"I opened a can of Limburger Cheese and baited my empty sardine cans while the three profiteers nodded off in slumber for the sixth time." (This remark caused much merriment from the war-driven shipyard employees.) "I cautiously tossed the can into the turbid waters of Bucket Lake and was immediately rewarded by having ten fresh sardines hop into the can and neatly crowd themselves closely together to make room for two more—the required quota for one can. However, the loud and incessant snoring of the two profiteers distracted the attention of the other two sardines, and it was only after the profiteers had been chloroformed that the two sardines could be enticed into the almost-filled can. The Indian guide carefully poured the juice of three olives, which he had been eating, over the reposing finny creatures, the saloon-keeper sealed the can and it was soon carefully packed away in my hope chest. The rest of the journey was made without any real advent except that the three escaped convicts broke into the sealed can and made off with four of the sardines. I thank you."

The man who kept his eyes open during the entire lecture was awarded an embossed fruit stand calendar, but it has since been learned that he was deaf and thought there was to be a boxing bout that evening, and that the lecturer was merely an announcer of the bouts.

WANTED—Shaping by a French lady, by the hour. Mmle. Aver Du Pois.

## A DING ALONG ATHLETIC ROW

The Annual Grass-Cutting Contest, or Tournament, of the Blades, this year, proved to be a thriller up to the last minute of play. "Si" Beerias's field of 872 acres was roped off the day before the big event took place.

Promptly at 2:15 sharp the four contestants arrived on the field and climbed under the ropes. The lawn-mowers were examined by the umpire and the entrants set upon their marks. At the pistol shot, the men dashed down the field, Ralph Rose, in a cloud of grass, assumed the pole position. The other three contestants rapidly drew up alongside of Rose, and the race settled down to a neck-and-neck affair. At nine o'clock that even-

ing, the contestants were still racing around the field, neck-and-neck, and many of the on-lookers retired to their homes. At 2:37 in the morning, a grass-covered figure strode across the tape, awakened the sleeping umpire and crawled out from in under a pile of grass. It was Charles River, the dark horse of the race. Ralph Rose broke a blade in his mower and withdrew.

The Tobacco-Chewing Contest, or Tournament, of Plug, held in the General Store, was won by "Sailor" Tack, who consumed 37 plugs of Picnic Twist, the best record ever made on the home floor. Every entrant finished, except Bill Dehit, who swallowed his chew and was hurriedly yanked to a nearby hospital.

## YOU AND THE NEYBORS

Anna Stasia had her ears punched for earrings last Saturday.

Si Moon blew in from Crab Center last week. Si intends to move back to Bath as soon as he can get credit at the local grocery house.

"Hooch" Redeye has started raising ducks. "Hooch" says that this is the wettest occupation that a man can legitimately follow.

Phil Lander has painted his hen coop green and his house white. He claims that now there is no excuse for the hens coming into the house as heretofore.

A stranger was through town selling harps last Monday. Mrs. Perry Gorick purchased one saying it would save her so much practice in the Great Hereafter.

Clem Abbot is sick with the grippe. Al Smith said that Clem was coughing hard when he carried him home last Saturday nite.

The marble shop has just received a shipment of very attractive tomb stones. Inscribe on one is the following beautiful thought:

Here lies the body of Sally Bent,  
My grief I cannot smother.  
Tell me, Sal, which way you went,  
And I will go the other.  
—Husband.

Services at the stone church will be discontinued until the choir strike is broken.

## NEW CAVALRY UNIT SHOWS UP WELL

The Canterin' Devil Troop, composed of men from our own town, held its first manoeuvres in the street before the Town Hall last Friday evening. Due to inability to procure high-mettled steeds for the Troop, several town draft animals were commandeered. Major Backsore, commander of the troop, gave the order to assemble and two blind steeds on the end of the line walked through the plate-glass window of a well-known fruit store in the downtown district. Squad No. 1, composed of the pick of the Troop—eight steeds which had ploughed the entire country side for the last eighteen years—was last seen disappearing over Crooked Mountain. Two of the members of Squad No. 2 were picked from a tree on the outskirts of a neighboring town some 20 miles away. Five of Squad No. 3 drifted into town late in the evening, clinging frantically upside down to their steeds' waists. The remainder of the Troop came back on the 5:45 milk train the next morning. The entire town votes a unanimous vote of thanks to the Troop for getting so much action out of steeds which had not moved faster than a walk for 17 years.

HANDWRITING NEATLY DUPLICATED. THEY come to US and WE go with THEM.

I. Forgem & U. Cashem.

## EVERYTHING FOR THE SMOKER.

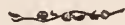
Smith, Smith & Smith, Furnace Repairers.

WANTED—White girl with nice white teeth, having ample experience to work for colored family. The Jacksons.

LOST—Bunch of keys. Must have them, as we can't get in the Lodge.



A simple young girl, named Gabbina,  
Had a fellow who she called Sardina;  
One day she was out,  
Met another old trout,  
And Sardina was canned by Gabbina.



Can you register joy —  
When you lose that one and only collar button?  
When you find your good overcoat missing?  
When you see that yellow paper for a quizz?  
When she calls you at 7:30 and breaks the date?  
When you miss the last trolley from Allentown?  
When you are broke?  
When you go before the faculty?  
When you are initiated into the Shifters?  
Well, if you can, we will immediately present to  
you the fur-lined fountain pen.

### IMPOSSIBLE

Judge: "It appears to be your record, Betty Brand, that you have been thirty-five times arrested for drunkenness."

Betty: "No woman is perfect, judge."

Some of us notice that the days are getting longer, while others notice that the nights are getting shorter.

## OUR HOROSCOPE

Were you born in May?

Those born in this month are inclined to be laxidazical. They achieve great success as barbers and boot-leggers. It is said that the best wives are born in this month, always being of the female sex and a clinging disposition. Great things are promised to those born in this month, and all they have to do is get them. They rise to great heights on the one hand and on the other hand they are apt to sink to the lowest heights. At times they seem to be very queer, a tendency which may be overcome if one lives long enough.

Most of the persons born in this month have keen tastes, are quick at detecting the brand or the percentage, and have a happy faculty of absorbing the information. One of their chief faults are that they have too many.

Their most common diseases are those of fevers. The Spring Fever being the most predominate one.

They should guard their actions most scrutinisingly on the 30th of February.

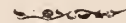
Lucky day is Sunday night.

Favorite Color. — All shades of near-beer and hazel.

Lucky Stones. — Pebbles and gold bricks.

Lucky Numbers. — Thirteen and a quarter of eight.

They will excell in parchesie and dominoes, and should marry those born on week-days during the vernal equinox.



*To look on life with tranquil eyes  
Is rather hard to do,  
When tests, exams, and alibis  
Are trailing after you.*

### THEY HAVE A ROLL

"I see that old Doughback is interested in women."

"Oh no, he is only trying to find out where they keep their money nowadays."

Some of us are early of late; we used to be behind before and now we are first at last.



### THE REASON

He: "Did you take Mildred into your sorority?"

She: "I should say not. She never wears dresses that harmonize with the color scheme at the house."

### MARY'S WARM

Mary had a swarm of bees,  
And they, to save their lives,  
Would go wherever Mary went,  
For Mary had the hives.



Umbri: "There is a good show down at the movies."

Ella: "How did it get by the censors?"

### SHE DO

She: "I feel too warm."

He: "Take off your sweater."

She (minus sweater): "My, I feel thin."

He: "Yes, you do."

She: "What?"

He: "I mean, do you?"

The only sucker that was ever popular is the vacuum cleaner.

### ECONOMICS AGAIN

Prof.: "Name ten animals that live in the far North."

Stude: "Five polar bears and five seals."

There was once a little girl, an awful nice little girl (but she wasn't so little either), who, with all the other rajahs in Bethlehem was out enjoying the advent of spring. She was escorted along the main drag of the city by a little feller (who wasn't so little either), and in the natural course of events, the duet found their way to the young lady's front porch. Now, this feller knew that the girl's pop and mommer were very strict and did not allow their little girl to celebrate the advent of spring with boys—so as they were standing at the front gate the little girl says to the boy, "Won't you come in and sit a little while, George, dear?"

"N—no, I guess not," said George, hesitatingly.

"I wish you would," the dame proceeds. "It's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out and father is upstairs with the gout."

"Both legs?" says George.

"Yes, both legs," says the dame.

"Then I'll come in a while," says George.

Boarder: "There's an old hen out here that wants a room."

Landlady: "She wants me to roost her?"

### SAD AMERICAN HISTORY

Junior: "Columbus certainly was some prophet."

Senior: "Why was he?"

Junior: "When he first saw America, he yelled, 'See dry land!'"

### ALUMNI NOTE

Burro has recently met up with an alumnus, Class of '02, who has just retired with a comfortable fortune of \$75,000. This sum was amassed by perseverance, industry, economy, conscientious effort, and indomitable will, and the death of an uncle who left him \$74,992.37.

# THE LOVELIEST NAILS

## A MATTER OF KNOWING HOW

The secret of having beautiful hands lies in knowing the difference between dish- and toilet-water. Remember the former contains no alcohol. Everybody has finger nails, except the goof who shakes hands with a buzz-saw or tries to poke peanuts into a cage of unfed leopards. He is nailless and brainless. But do you use these nails as a thing of beauty or as real estate advertisements?

When a jack-ass needs a manicure they file the cuticle or he visits the little table in the barber shop. Don't be a jack-ass, use Futex, the knifeless method.

### THE RIGHT WAY TO CARE FOR THE CUTICLE

When the cuticle grows over the nails, the nail is covered by the cuticle and vice versa. The question is whether to remove the cuticle or excavate for the nail.

Here's our method: get our Futex and apply it around the base of the nails with an eyedropper. Now take the priceless orange stick in your other sandwich-snatcher and wave the orange wand cautiously over the doomed cuticle. The cuticle will jump for the orange stick which must be jerked away as soon as the cuticle moves. This will fool even the wisest cuticle as they jump for orange sticks the way we jump for orange blossoms. Now you want the pearly nail-tips that give the dazzling effect.



**The hands of Clara Voyant are famed for their beauty. Miss Voyant says, "Futex is handy stuff. My hands are really lovely, I admit it."**

This is obtained by using our marvelous sand soap polish and our especially-prepared wire wool. If you wish pink nails, use the wool slightly rusty. Now a nail without a point is pointless. Ah, here's where our nail white gets the berries.

Whittle the nail in any shape then take our nail white and paint the desired point on the aforesaid nail. No pain, no worry, no brains,—no anything. A marvelous trial set for 15 cents—just the thing to surprise her with at Prom. time.

### OUR SETS

Set No. 1, costing 60 cents, consists of 1 bottle of Futex (marked "poison" to keep father away), 1 can of No. 10 white carriage paint, 1 rasp, and a sheet of 00 sand paper. Yes, and the orange stick.

The next size at \$1.50 contains all the above plus 2 sticks. This may be carried handily under the arm like a box of herring.

The next set for \$3.00 contains everything but a coffee-grinder and a whole orange grove.

The DeLuxe set, the last word in tool outfits, may be used to repair plumbing fixtures and comes in a neat compact little box about the size of a steamer Trunk.

### ENTERPRISING

"Burro has heard of a man who crossed his bees with lightning bugs so they could work at night.

These short skirts are embarrassing.  
They make my color rise;  
Whene'er I see a maid go by  
I stand with downcast eyes.

One: "Wonder what time it is? I'm invited to a party and my watch isn't going."

Two: "Wasn't it invited?"

He: "Are you willing to go to the end of the world with me?"

She: "Yes indeed. I love to travel."



## BE IT EVER THUS

The man clung to her passionately. His eyes scared hers like darts of white-hot metal. Her lips quivered with emotion. She writhed to free herself from the man's embraces, like one who is caught but finds it difficult to escape.

He seized her lily-white arms. She could feel his recently-manicured nails cut into her smooth white skin.

"Muriel," he begged, "I must have you. I need you. Muriel dear, I am asking you to be my wife. Can't you realize that?"

The woman remained motionless. She saw the clock beneath the stairs, near which they were standing, and listened.

Tick-tick-tick went the clock.

The woman spoke. "No, Henry," she said. "I cannot marry you. The man I marry must be a king among men. He must be a human Rock of Gibraltar. He must be monarch of all he surveys; captains of finance must await their orders from him. Diplomats, statesmen, aristocrats, and even nobility, must watch his every move. Men like Morgan, Schwab, and Rockefeller-permission. He must be able to hold back the feller, must not be able to proceed without his entire world with a flap of his hand."

The man leaned forward joyously. His eyes turned into pools of liquid sunshine. His victory was won.

"Oh, Muriel, my darling," he exclaimed passionately, "I am all of that—I am the traffic cop at Broad and Main Streets."



What would you do if you were driving along a lonely road with a beautiful blonde and she said, "How wasteful, and gasoline 30 cents a gallon." Well, I did the same thing.

## GETTING AWAY BIG

He: "Then you are not interested in my welfare?"

She: "No, but if the two syllables were transposed I would not only be interested but enthusiastic."



## CAMPUS HOUNDS.

### PIEAPPLEPIEANDPIE

Stude: "What kind of pie have you?"

Waiter: "Lemonpeachappleraisinmincepumpkin."

Stude: "Gimme a piece."

### WOMEN

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,  
Old Adam called her wo-man;  
But when she wooed with love so kind,  
He pronounced her woo-man;  
But now with folly and with pride,  
Their husband's pockets trimming,  
The women are so full of whims  
That men pronounce them wim-men.

Man who eloped from New York last week was found to have four wives—three living, and one in Philadelphia.

One of the differences between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing her cud is that the cow generally looks thoughtful.

mi deer dawter:

the cup and the lip," but they awt tew change cup tew hip. i feal that you kan defend yurself, bekawse you sertunly laid up the postman that time he tried tew kiss you behind the Barn. remmember how they sat beside his bed for three weaks. i am maiking you a new dress frum a seers-rowbuck Katulog, witch is an azslure Green with yella trimmings. i am going tew put a lase fillet around the neck and them baste the dress about the waste, fassening it with a cherry Red sash. Rite tew us and let us no how you got along at the last Jump or Hop or wotevr you Kall it.

Getta Room.



A debutant, whose name was Doris,  
Took up singing in the chorus;  
She made a big hit  
'Cause her dress did not fit,  
And besides the gay costume was porous.

We've often heard of the sculptor who made faces and busts, and the hair-dresser who can curl up and dye, but how about the hotel-keeper who can sit on his inn steps?



### A WARNING

Frosh Co-Ed: "Have you ever gotten excited and used a fork for a spoon?"

Senior Co-Ed: "Well, I've been excited at times, but I'd never do that. It's risky having headlights coming at you from both directions."

Dear Ed.—

Would you ask a girl, who drinks, to the house-party?

Ralph.

My dear Ralph:—

We are glad that you called our attention to this matter. Yes, if she brings her own.

### GEORGE DID IT

Carolyn: "Isn't George just wonderful?"

Kathleen: "He stole a kiss from me too."

### A FLIRTATION

One of the beauties of Mack Sennet's host—she's staring now in "The Evening Post"—was out for a frolic on the warm sand, in a sensible costume which showed nature's hand. And close in her wake, in a Joe Brooks tweed, was one of these snakes with a head like a bead. He skipped along gracefully, just like a cow, then tipped his hat and made sort of a bow. "My dear little girl," said Joe, "tell me, do, what would you do if I flirted with you?"

She looked at him blankly, with a kind of a stare, and Joe knew immediately, he was getting the air. So as he was leaving and felt awful tough, there came a big man, who looked angry and rough. He handled Joe roughly, took most of his life, 'cause Joe had been flirting with this man's wife.



### Speaking of Bridge Parties

Since the fact was published that every fourth child born was a Chinaman, there has been some hesitancy in having families of more than three children.

'25: "What is Dust?"

'24: "Mud with the juice squeezed out."

### A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

What are you doing, Ted?

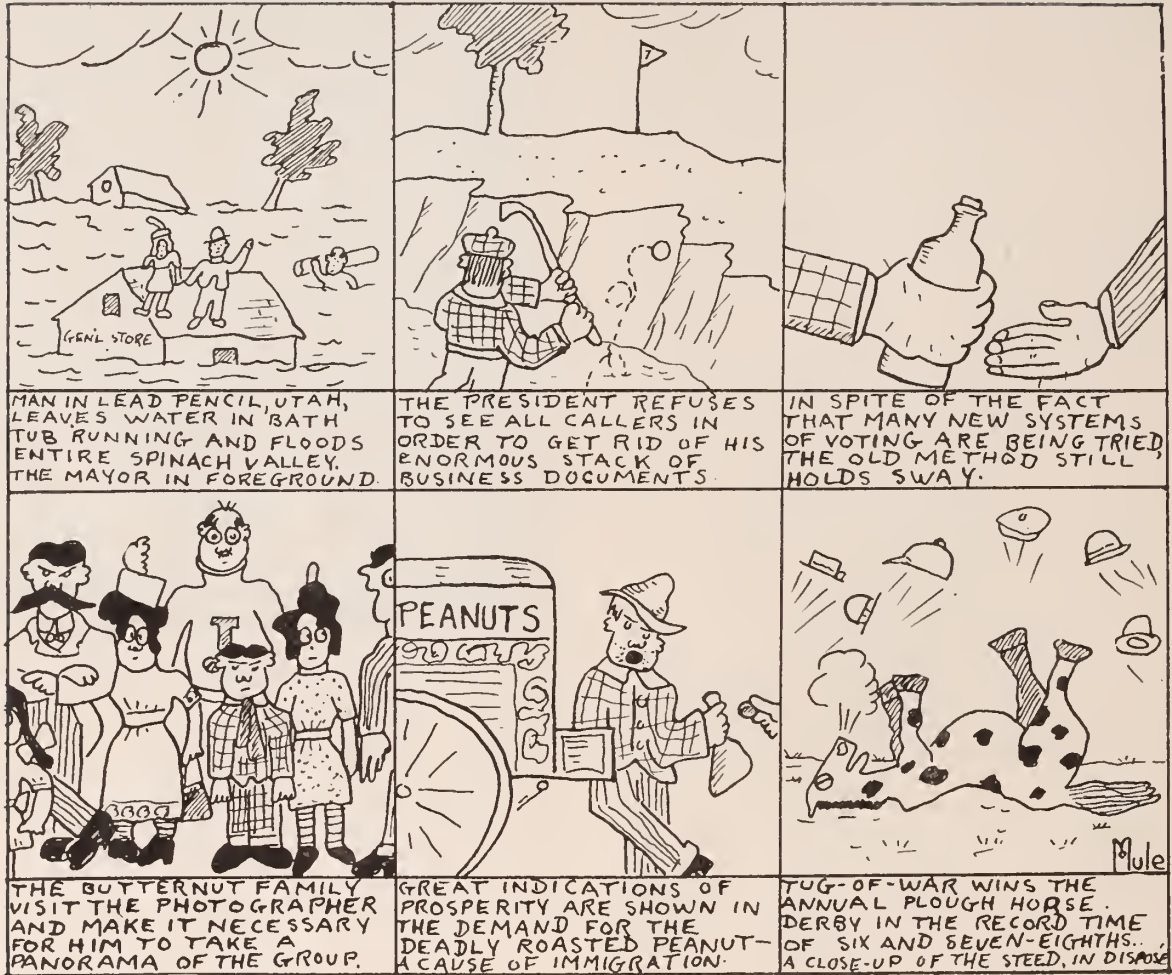
Nothing, mother.

My, but you're getting like your father.

Some people think that the only art in kissing is, "Art thou willing?"



## BURRO'S CAFÉ WEEKLY



### HIGH BIDDER

He: "Let's go to the movies to-night."

She: "No, Jack promised to take me to the theatre."

He: "Alright, let's go to the theatre and then have a little supper."

When a girl runs her fingers through a man's hair, it's time to give up or go home. If your hair is fastly losing in quantity, don't go home.

We would advise all the young ladies to make a thorough survey of the campus before picking out any particular location, as there are many ideal spots for all.

A man.

A steps.

A pretty Miss.

A man with arms so strong.

An upturned glance.

A fatal kiss.

Another good man gone wrong.

### FUNDAMENTALS

Frosh: "How shall I close this letter?"

Soph: "Sign it 'B. V. D.'—that gets closest to them."

He pulled the trigger and waited for the hammer to snap into it.



### THERE'S A REASON

Prof.: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Soph.: "No wonder that we flunk in our exams."

An old man who isn't a saint  
Sat down on a bench marked, "Wet Paint",  
"By Jove," and "Blast it",  
Oh, Shucks and Doggast it,  
Might have been what he said, but it ain't.

### PIPE HER HEID SICK

Father: "Alice, who was in the parlor with you last night?"

Alice: "Why er—er only Helen, Father."

Father: "Well, when you see Helen, tell her that she left her pipe on the piano."

There was a young sculptor named Phidias  
Perpatratter of a deed most invidious,  
He sculpted Aphrodite  
Without any nightie  
And shocked the unduly fastidious.

### NO HELP NEEDED

Clergyman: "May I be your spiritual advisor?"

Lehigh Man: "No, thanks, we sample our own."

Policeman: "What are you doing down there in the gutter?"

Stew: "Shall right offisher, I saw two lamp posts shtanding here and I leaned against the wrong one."

"I hear that Dave died."

"Yes, some one gave him a gun and it tickled him to death."

The Advisory Committee says: "Boys, never marry a girl on fifteen (15) dollars a week, unless she has possibilities of making more."

### TO A SENIOR

Tickle, tickle, little hair —  
How I wonder what you air —  
Up above his lip so brave.  
Why the devil don't you shave?

She: "What reference book do you use most in college?"

He: "We use three about equally. Check, Hoyle, and the Telephone Books."

### HOUSE-PARTY RUMORS

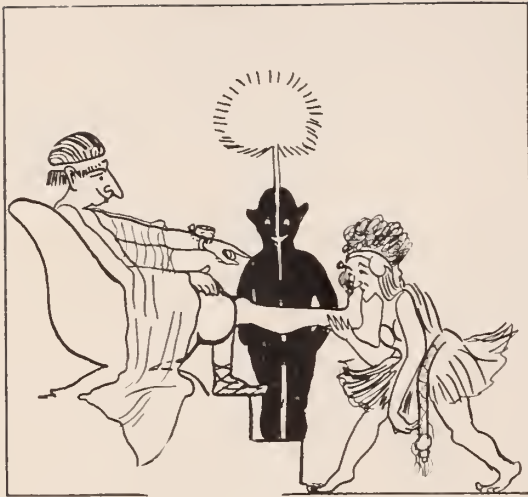
It is rumored that one of the girls attending the house-party was seen smoking the other night. The Burro refutes this statement and offers as a reward a nice big pack of Hassans for any light that may be given on this matter. Don't crowd, Girls.



Hail! Hail!

23: "A rolling bone gathers no moss."

24: "Two rolling bones often gather the gravy however."



A party once was given  
By Solomon the King,  
Who asked the Queen of Sheba  
Her retinue to bring.

She marvelled at his wisdom,  
The glory of his reign,  
The beauty of his palace,  
And all it did contain.

But when she saw the temple,  
Its jewels and its gold,  
She said, "I must confess it,  
The half has not been told."

"The half not told, Queen Sheba?  
You must be kidding me;  
For with a thousand wives, Queen,  
That thing could scarcely be."

Everybody agrees that the best part of a  
house-party is not at the house.

The world is getting more efficient every day.  
Making love takes only half as long as it once  
did. Evidently not much time is wasted.

"They must have lived on love in the Ark."  
"Sure, they lived on the pears."

If the dance of St. Vitus is catalogued as a  
disease, how shall we classify the "Camel Walk"?

She nestled close to his heart  
And not a word was spoken;  
A sudden yell—they were apart,  
His stogies had been broken.

One lecturer made the remark that our fresh-  
men were made of bone and muscle; muscle up  
to the neck, and bone above that.

"You are late," said the boss as he glanced  
at the clock. He addressed his stenographer,  
Nell. And a half-hour later when Alice came  
in he snorted, "You're later'n Nell."

A sweet little thing is Rosie Mature,  
She always dances slow but sure.  
I like the way she crawls about,  
Just like a Ford with one blow-out.



AT THE LACROSSE GAME  
SHE:—"WHAT'S THE LITTLE BLACK BALL FOR?"

Why is a girl's complexion like a poker game?  
At seven it's straight.  
At seventeen it's flush.  
At twenty-seven it's bluff.

Men of ancient times feared the poisoned cup,  
but that was before the Volstead Act.



## REMEMBER

When you leave the Cotillion with something Wonderful about 2:37 A. M. and go for a bit of air around Drown Hall, if She trips on the last step, don't blame it on the step or Her, but call yourself a dead one if you don't save the evening by putting out a coupl-a strong arms and allowing Her to fall into—well—fall into step with you.



HUNTING THAT DRESS SHIRT

## HEARD IN NEW YORK

"And my good man, how does it happen that you, a college graduate, should join the police force here?"

"For protection."

## SO IT SEEMS

Frosh: "Why do they change Profs in Math every five weeks?"

Soph: "So each one can get a chance to flunk you."

## SPRING

Silently in the Spring does the little Unni-eaiemous bush bud forth with the purple foliage, and just so silently in the books of the learned professors burst forth the little Zeros, the forget-me-nots of the profession.

## WISE GIRL

Edith: "Where have you been?"

May: "Riding with Jack."

Edith: "And you don't look a bit tired."

May: "Well, I made him take the Pike, and you know there's a trolley line on that road."

## GRIMM'S JUNIOR WEEK FAIRY TALE

### THE WIND AND THE SUN.

A dispute once arose between The Demure Little Girl and The Flapper as to which was the stronger.

"I know I am the stronger," said The Flapper, "for I am able to make The Boys grovel in the dirt for me, call me at all hours of the nite and seek for me, The Merry Mucilage."

"But I am sure I am the stronger," said The Demure Little Lass. "I start The Boys on the right path by refusing to imbibe with them of the fruits of evil."

Thus they disputed, but at last they decided to make the test.

"Here comes a Boy," said The Flapper. "We will try our strength on him. The one who is able to make him smile first will be judged the stronger."

"You may have the first chance," said The Demure Miss.

Then The Flapper walked before The Boy and pulled her skirt to her knees, but The Boy only assumed a serious expression. So she turned about and pulled them a little higher, but the higher she pulled them the more serious grew the face of The Boy.

As soon as The Flapper had ceased her attempts, The Demure Little Miss faced The Boy and asked him if he thought The Flapper's face was pretty. Whereupon The Boy smiled.

"I admit that you are the stronger," said The Flapper, "and it seems that you have gained your end by keeping his eyes in the right place."

*(Remember—this is only a fairy tale.)*

Frosh: "How do you spell since?"

Soph: "Dollars and cents or horse-sense?"

Frosh: "Well, like in — I ain't seen her since."

## "WHAT CAN BE WORSE THAN THIS?"

Being the account of The First Junior Week,  
April, 1766.

It was a Swill Affair. Mrs. J. Earstwhile Blimey, wife of the Stock Yard Foreman, drove up to the Assemblage in an Ox Cart. (Her Husband came late on account of getting tangled up in his Suspenders while trying to fasten his front Collar Button.) All the Bartenders in Town had been carried to open the Kegs which were piled 27 feet High on the Campus. But there was a shortage of Swinging Door Artists and several Professors were drafted at the last Moment. Mr. and Mrs. K. Van Buss, both inebriated, leaned far out over their Box and shot their—icy cold Glances at young Pete De Oswald who was dancing the Cape Colony Glide with their Daughter.

"Who is yon hair-lipped Stag, cavorting with our darling Imojeen?" lisped Mrs. Van Buss to her husband, between hiccoughs.

"That is Young Babe Rock, son of the Well-Unknown Collar Button Magnate, who was hung last week for torturing so many Men. Young Babe steps into an Ice Box full of Iron Men." Mrs. Van Buss beamed and took another Swig.

Two Spinsters in the Parquet, were working off an Old Maid Sweat by glinting at Tessie Muldoon—the Pride of the Week, whose petticoat was hanging an Inch below her Dress. The Head of the College came in, made a very impromptu Speech and then fell on the Floor. An elderly Lady from parts Unknown, got up and shouted to the Head: "If you were a Gentleman you would leave." So He stayed.

Just then the Bursar entered the Hall, took off his Hat (because it was so Hot), and gurgled thusly: "My dear young Men, do not imbibe too freely, for you have Clawsses next Week." His Corduroy Trou were torn from his Two Lone Appendages and he was forced to run the Gauntlet between two Rows of Critical Spinsters.

In those old Junior Weeks it was the Custom for one of the Ladies present, to drop her Garter during the Freemansburg Waltz. It happened that Nite, that the young Man designated to derive the desired Tete a Tete with the Woman

who should turn loose her Garter upon the ravaging Floor, was a much-sought Individual at social Functions in the Community. So, after the End of the Dance and the Elite had withdrawn from the Floor, the young Man cavorted forth and found 2700 Garters. But this young Solomon was not to be outdone. He calmly walked to the Center of the Hall and looking coolly into the Balcony, said: "I have the Mate to one of these Garters at Home. The 2700 Women who cast these Implements on the Floor will please come forward and form a Circle. I will touch the Woman whose Garter is the Mate to the One at Home." 2700 Women turned Red and left the Hall. This Custom has since been abolished by the Husbands' Protective Association.

One Thing more and We shall close, leaving You to your Fun. Tobacco-chewing was indulged in by Man and Woman, Young and Old alike in those Days, and instead of giving the Girls Card Cases or Doreen Boxes, the Favors usually came in the shape of Spittoons or Tobacco Pouches. Finally the Ball Room Floors became so unsightly that the Practice was given up.

Next month: "The Teaching Staff in the Days of 1766."

To call it a weak end is a misnomen, for that's when we are going the strongest.



Figuratively Speaking "Get Out"



(Kindly donated by the Colonial Restaurant)

butt'r tost    stoo    proons, grepe froot, 1 bananas  
                   one soff boil yeggs  
                   hawmborg stek

Lunch

ross biff

one surlon reeb

spargaz                      hot rawls

"What kind pie you want? I got pitch, strum-  
bery, meence, ko-konuts, pump-keen,  
pine awp, ecte."

seler'                      grin ongyus

bake wik feesh

peek'1 peegs fit

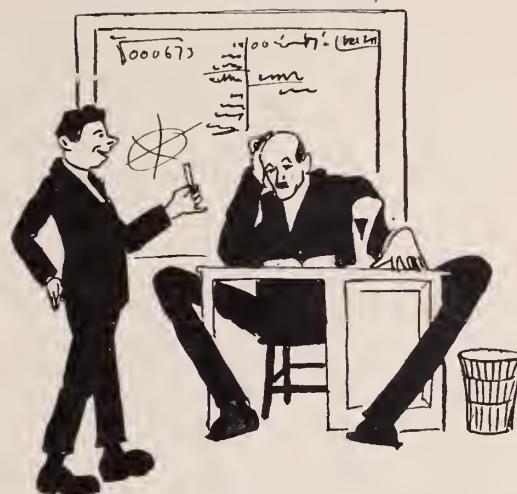
ice krim kek

boom boom kandee

She 1: "Yes, but Jack makes a night of it."

She was just the sort of girl his mother would want him to marry. She was pure, simple and sweet, and try as they might they could never snake her away from him or get her to smoke their vile cigarettes. Each time he had invited her to a dance her mother had come along, "to keep young," so she said. Here was a girl he could idolize—until once she came to a house-party without her mother.

Censored.



Prof.: "In this algebraic expression  $x$  equals  $5a$ , what is  $a$ ?"

Stude: "The literary coefficient."

Say Galvin, I took my swim test yesterday. Yes—if they can siphon the water out of my left lung and anchor my right, and salvage my floating rib, I'll live for five more years. It was a world's record—for endurance.

I swam across the pool 54 times using the famous sneak of the Wigits, but someone dragged me out by the neck. The instructor said he thought I was drowning.

I then swam 34 times across on my back and he said I didn't get the breast stroke correctly, but he was so tickled that he asked me to do it all over again, as it looked like the famous picture, "Storm at Sea". By this time I couldn't see, my right side was paralyzed, and my heart had stopped, otherwise I was all right.

They then sent three men down in divers' suits to see that I wasn't walking on the bottom, but I masked my feet as water lilies and got away with it.

Just as I was about to give up the instructor cried, "All in". I was all in all right, but when he told me that I could now go ahead with the test—well, the Milky Way looked like a nigger in a dark alley compared with the constellations I saw.

But I am doing nicely and have developed a beautiful set of scales.

### ALIBIS

Al-i-bi and al-i-bis;  
Here's the meaning it implies:  
When your failures are profuse,  
You'll have always some excuse.

When the Lord finished Adam,  
And set him on the turf,  
He put him in the garden  
To let him try his worth.

He told him then to hustle,  
And play the game with pep,  
But he disobeyed orders  
And didn't watch his step.

He batted out a high one,  
But Satan caught his fly,  
And that's the reason, surely,  
Eve's called the al-i-bi.

So trace the journey downward,  
From garden past the ark,  
Through every clime and climate,  
With peoples light and dark.

And all along the journey  
Some wreckage you will spy,  
With placard posted boldly,  
There is some al-i-bi.

Some fellows consider the party will be ruined if her mother insists on coming with the little dear, but we have another way at looking at such matters. Remember, if her mother can't trust her alone what better indication for a good party could you ask?

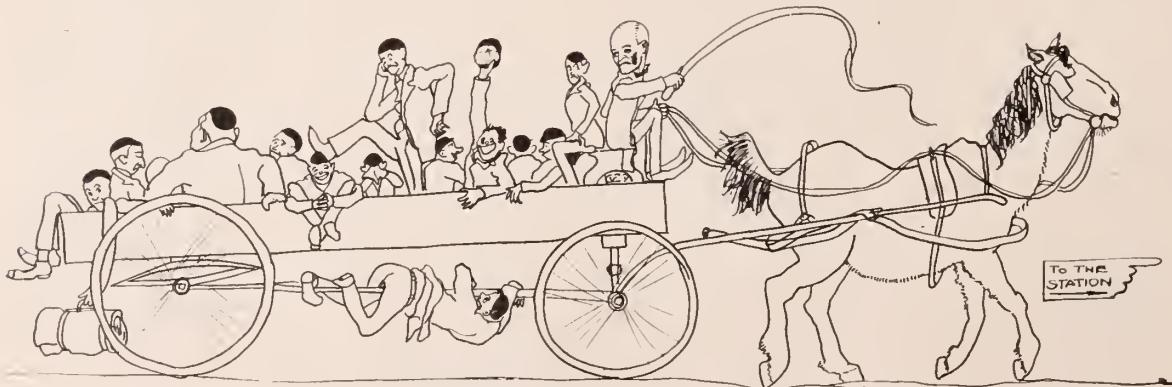
Junior Week is a week set aside by the University for gaiety, revelry and debauchery. That is why so many students stay. Chaperones are usually asked in compliance to an old custom, but the custom is now almost extinct. Little gatherings, called "teas", are held all over the campus. They are called "teas" because they never serve tea. In the evenings, they hold the various dances, the main object being for as many men to come stag as possible in order that the man who brings a woman may step out to dampen his parched throat. Golf outfits are usually worn in the day-time because the clothing style books say so. It is very vulgar and bad form for a man to appear on the campus in the sunlight, attired in long trousers. (This last remark also applies to women.) At the dances it is exceedingly bad form for a couple not to dislocate a leg or two during the dance.

### THE MALEMAN

Daughter: "Has my mail come yet?"

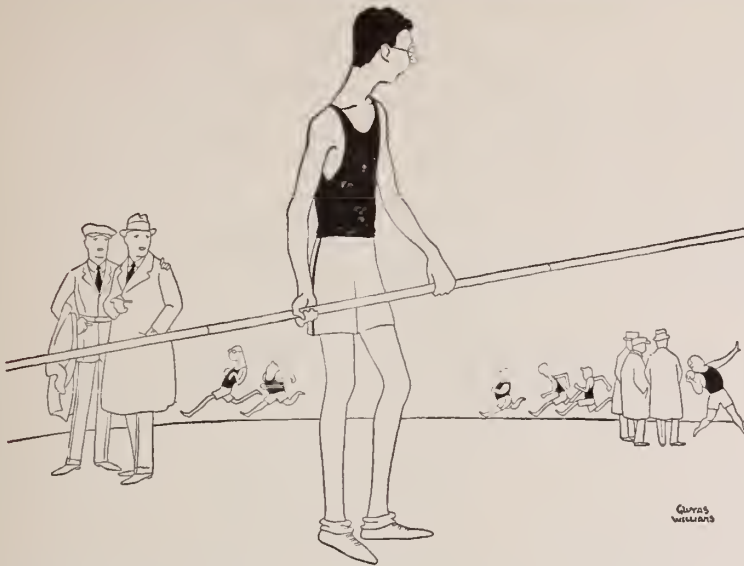
Mother: "Daughter, you must stop using that terrible slang."

They tell us that the Chicago girls are using their goloshes to indicate whether they are engaged, married, or are still legitimate prey. Partly buckled goloshes mean "I'm engaged"; buckled goloshes mean "I'm married", and unbuckled means "You chase me." This is fine except I've been known to wear one unbuckled and one buckled, so I guess I'll steer clear of the "Sign of the Goloshe" next winter.



Another Load Off Our Chest





Kelly—"Yon pole vaulting bird seems to be our friend Judkins."

Poole—"Can't be! Our Judkins is no beauty; but he is well set up, and knows how to wear clothes."

Kelly—"You mean he knows where to buy clothes. It would be a wonderful ad for Wallach Bros. to show a bean pole like Judkins before and after dressing."

## And so, we went to college, too

Every year, for many years, we have seen our numberless college friends come into some one of our four stores in the early fall; buy a lot of fine wearables; then disappear till Christmas or Easter.

We missed them. Not in a business sense. They used to anticipate their needs for months to come before going away. And new graduates and their friends constantly took the places of undergraduate absentees.

We simply missed them. Perhaps they miss us a little, too. At any rate, they have acted mighty glad to see us since we started sending Representatives to the colleges in response to many invitations.

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## It Might Be So

It was the greatest feast that Rome had ever seen. Claudius, the Magnificent, had done everything possible for the comfort and delight of his guests.

And now came the dance. The music hushed into far-off, distant melody, and out into the beautiful marble space before the Emperor there glided a maiden as beautiful as the deep blue waters of the Tiber. Her milk-white skin was hidden in the fairy-like veils that hung loosely about her.

Her whole body throbbed in rhythmic motion as a veil slowly loosened and fluttered softly to the floor. Another, and still another followed the first, and even the great Emperor himself leaned forward. Four, five, six, and then as the seventh slowly dropped a gasp of admiration burst from the assembled guests.

She swiftly crossed the marble floor to the Emperor's seat and passionately threw herself at his feet. He reached forward to implant upon her velvet lips a burning caress.

"How do you get that stuff, Claude?" she sighed; "I'm one of the vestal virgins."—*Punch Bowl.*

"What did Attila call his favorite wife?"

"Hunny, I guess."—*Lampoon.*

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## Meows

Miss Primp: "Tell me truly, as friend  
to friend, do you think I am vain?"

Miss Sharp: "I could hardly say that,  
dear. Shall we say, rather, highly im-  
aginative."—*Awayvan.*

Mary (to brother): "John, did you  
use that cup of hot water I had on the  
table?"

John: "Yes, I used it to shave."

Mary: "Oh, you mean thing! I was  
going to wash my party gown in that."

—*Brown Jug.*

Mr. E: "I understand your son is very  
much inclined toward study."

Mrs. Z: "Yes, he inclined so much he  
slid to the bottom of his class."—*Chap-  
paral.*

"The Greeks don't rate much in the  
Olympic games."

"No, but they shine in America."

—*Purple Cow.*

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The country has gone dry;  
The sailor still will have his port,  
The farmer have his rye.  
The cotton still will have its gin,  
The seacoast have its bar.  
And each of us will have a bier  
No matter who we are.

—Punch Bowl.

### True Relationship

Mrs. North: "How long have you had  
your cook?"

Mrs. West: "We've been with her  
nearly a year now."—Judge.

Mary had a little lamb,  
You've heard this tale before;  
But have you heard she passed the plate,  
And had a little more?—Jester.

J. Bean: "Can you dance?"  
V. Green: "No, but I can hold 'em  
while they dance."—Scalper.

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The more than usual lack of intelligence among the students that morning had got under the professor's skin.

"Class is dismissed," he said, exasperatedly. "Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."—*Froth.*

"But why don't you think he will propose soon?"

"Well, he gave me a box of stationery yesterday with my initials on it—such a lot, so I know it's all over between us."

—*Judge.*

Thirsty days hath September,  
April, June, and November.

All the rest are thirsty, too,

Unless you make your own home brew.

—*Bean Pot.*

"I don't care to keep that schoolgirl complexion," said the young man as he dusted off his lapel.—*Siren.*

"Give a good example of insolvency with reasons for said insolvency," said the Prof.

"Me—Girl, game," replied the stude.

—*Record.*

Prof. (benignly): "You know the moral of the worm and the bird?"

Voice from rear: "Yeh, the early worm always gets caught."

—*Virginia Reel.*

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Waiter: "Has your order been taken?"

Waitee: "Yes, and so has Bunker Hill."—*Shogome*.

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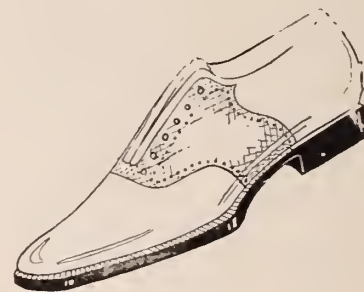
"I wonder what, if she has any serious  
relations with Jack?"

"Her serious relations haven't any."  
—*Puppet.*

Minister (warming up to sermon):  
"And turning to John 4:3 what do we  
find?"

Student (waking up): "Unprepared,  
sir."—*Purple Cow.*

Not long ago  
I met a  
Cow-eyed  
Pug-nosed  
Freckle-faced  
Bow-legged  
Co-ed.  
Weight, 200 lbs.  
She showed me  
Her "hope chest."  
Believe me —  
She is  
An Optimist! — *Pelican.*



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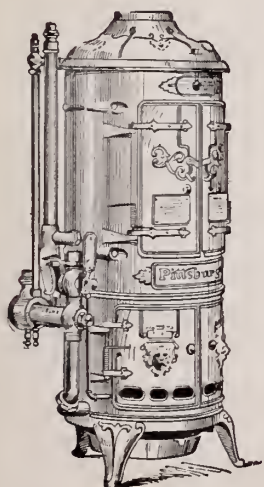
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